CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 22 WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1927 FIVE CENTS. $2 THE YEAR

Graves To Serve as High School Principal

Trustees Will Not Change Their Choice

DESPITE the protests of a large number of persons, many of whom are parents of students in Monterey High school, the appointment of J. H. Graves as principal of the school for the coming year is to stand. This was certain following a meeting of protest held in the high school last Saturday, at which the five high school trustees were present and immediately after which they met themselves and failed to reconsider their previous action in appointing Graves to the position.

Allen Griffin, editor and publisher of the Peninsula Herald, opened the protests with a statement which was in part as follows:

"We believe that the administrator of a secondary school, which has the dual purpose of fitting some young people to cope with the problems of life and their livelihoods upon graduation and also of fitting others for university work, should and must, necessarily, be a man of broad education, fitted for his duties by university training that has been completed, awarded not only a bachelor's degree but preferably a higher degree—a man of known, established educational qualifications. We believe that only under such conditions can a thoroughly trained teaching personnel be happy, an educational institution sure of its steps.

"We believe that the administrator should also be a man of personal leadership, a rare quality combining many traits of character that elicit the respect of students, teachers and parents, without which good buildings and good equipment are but a shell.

"We believe that the chief administrator of a public secondary school in a district that comprehends many hundreds of people of various religious faiths should be a man of broad tolerance of all faiths, of broad sympathy with the purpose of all religion, of broad understanding of people of many different religious leanings. We believe that, except where morals are involved, that there should be no attitude toward religious matters in the secondary school system except that of tolerance, understanding, respect for the opinions of others, respect for the varied religions of our forefathers, however derived.

"We believe that the administrator of a secondary school, made up of students of a critical and inquiring age, should combine the talents of high education, rare leadership, kindly tolerance, willing and cheerful cooperation with students, teachers and parents, and the kindly manners of an American gentleman whose expressed thoughts, whose manner and whose actions set a precept and an example to the young people in whose training to the best of standards we take a direct and faithful interest.

"There is and has been, for some time, a lowered condition of morale among students, teachers, and at least a very large proportion of parents of culture and higher education, in relation to Monterey Union high school. The board is well acquainted with that condition, which exists to a greater degree today than ever before.

"We know that many teachers, among the best at our high school, have been unhappy. We know that the majority of the students, particularly those who have initiative and who show qualities of leadership, have been unhappy and discontented, restive under a discipline based on force, on harshness, instead of kindly and firm leadership which always wins the response of youth.

"We know that the contacts of parents and of people of education and culture with our high school have been disconcerting, unhappy.

"We are convinced that a forward-looking step must be taken by our board to bring out a charge in these disturbing sentiments, which are held, not by

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

Dene Denny's Modern Music Recital Friday

ON FRIDAY night Dene Denny will present at The Theatre of The Golden Bough the first all-modern piano program ever offered in the west. The program includes a number of ultra-modern works that have not before been publicaly performed in America, and is as follows:

I

Poemi Asolani.....G.Francesco Malipiero
II. Dittico III. I partenti

Sept Pieces Breves.....Arthur Honegger
I. Souplement II. Vif III: Tres Lent IV. Legerement V. Lent VI. Rythmique VII. Violent

Fourth Sonata.....Leo Ornstein
Moderato con moto.....Semplice
Lento-Vivo

II

Hommage a Debussy.....Eugene Goossens

Neuf Pieces Pour Le Piano..Zoltan Kodaly
V. Furioso VI. Moderato triste

Bagatellen.....Bela Bartok
III. Andante VII. Allegretto molto capriccioso

Moments.....D. Rudhyar
VI. Tenderness

Mouvements Perpetueles....Francis Poulenc
I. Balance-Modere II. Tres madere III. Alerte

Huit Preludes.....Alexandre Tcherepnine
II. Lent VI. Agitato VII. Rubato

III

Deux Poemes.....A. Scriabine
II Etrangete

Funf Klavierstucke.....Arnold Schoenberg
I. Sehr langsam II. Sehr rash III. Langsam IV. Schwungvoll V. Walzer

The Harp of Life.....Henry Cowell

An item of distinct interest is the announcement by Miss Denny that she will comment between the numbers on her program upon the new music and its place in the art-world. The resistance to the ultra-modern in music has worn down considerably in Europe as well as in New York City, largely by increased contact with it through recitals such as that to be given here by Miss Denny.

Dene Denny is one of the best-equipped pianists in the country in the field she has adopted. At her recital Friday night ultra-modern works of German, Italian, Hungarian, French, English, Russian and American composers will be presented, with running comments and explanations bearing on the difference between the old classic school and the new tone progressions and harmonies.

On the following Friday the program will be repeated in San Francisco, where progressive musicians and the critics are awaiting the event with great interest. The Golden Bough will have the distinction of offering the first complete program of modern works for the piano to be presented in the West.

Freddie Ammerman's Homer Breaks up Abalone Game

IT WAS a great day for someone it Abalone Park on Sunday. The Rangers and Robins both lost their games in the morning owing to the fact that their captains failed to post their forfiets, thus giving the Sox a game, and its the first one they have "won" this season. The Robins and Rangers played a "pick-up" game, enlivened by King's remarkable one handed catch back of second, and Vic Renslow's high dive in the pitcher's box, the ball going over the back stop, and Vic sliding over the mound on his chin.

The Crescents made a spectacular win in the last of the sixth when they scored five runs, putting them two ahead of the Giants. Jimmy Doud celebrated his return by catching for the Giants and knocking out a two bagger in the first, Frenchy Murphy and Johns also hit, and were on bases when Freddy Ammerman came to ba and hit a home run. Vic Renslow hi , stole second, and immediately the Crescent infield blew, the Giants scoring six runs. The Crescents then settled down to play real ball, and in the sixth Tom Douglass hit a two bagger, and Larry Pryor did the same thing coming home on Bill Young's long fly to the autfield. In the last of the sixth with the score 6 to 2, the Crescents went to bat, Meeks hit a two bagger and stole third, Tom Douglass hit his second two bagger, bringing Meeks home. Pryor did the same thing, and Bill Young hit and stole second. Pryor was out at home, Bob Stanton played like his little team mates and hit the third two bagger, and Eric Wilkinson followed suit. Pandemonium broke loose and Judge Landis Josselyn took a hand, clearing the bases of all but one coach.. Ernie Renzel hit, catching Doc Staniford off first base. He was so stunned by this that Ernie stole se ond, but the fun was over, and five runs scored ofr the Crescents. The Giants couldn't score in the first of the seventh, and in this game Eric Wilkinson batted 1000 percent, even if he did play around and break one bat and carry another to first with him.

When the Shamrocks and Reds took the field, Vic Renslow played for the Shamrocks, making it his fifth game that day, and Larry Pryor played for the Reds, it being his fourth game. Eddie Burns was back on the Shamrocks, and in the first inning stole second and third just to embarass the Reds To make them feel better By Ford struck out, Winsor Josselyn making a wise crack that should have cost him a dollar when he chortled in glee "Mr. Umpire, what big eyes you have."

In the second inning the Shamrock pitcher was overcome by kindness and walked Gene Watson, Florence Thornton and Josephine Dibrell. With the bases full By Ford and Eddie Burns between them dropped the ball, but the Reds could only score one run. In the third By Ford got a three bagger, and while the Red infield was scattered, the first baseman back of the pitcher's box, the catcher at first and the pitcher wandering around second, the greenshirts scored two runs. Ernie Schweninger settled down to pitch real ball next inning, and the Reds didn't do any more scoring. Mary Elizabeth Douglass caught a hard fly in the fifth, and Bert Heron distinguished himself in this inning by hitting and by stealing second. Not to be outdone by his rival pitcher, Charlie Berkey walked Mary Elizabeth and Kit Cooke. Renslow came to bat and hit, and when Clay Otto stepted up to the plate Jimmy Hopper called out, "Now, not so much compassion, more playing." Berkey struck Otto out and the fun was over. The Shamrocks tallied three more runs in the next inning, making a total of 8. They are out to win every game from now on, and even if it were allowed, there are not many fans who would bet against them. Even with Eric Wilkinson batting anoher 1000 percent in this game. It is rumoured that when Eric goes to Tahiti next month he will train a team and bring them back with him next fall to take the championship away from . . . well whatever team holds it in the Abalone league.

Mrs. Francis E. Lloyd and her son David arrived in Carmel on Sunday evening from Montreal P. Q. They will occupy their cottage on San Carlos for the summer, and will be joined later by Francis Lloyd, who is a student at McGill University, Montreal.

* * *

On Monday afternoon Mr. Henry Hunter entertained at the tea hour in his attractive studio near Carmel Woods. Mesdames Theodore Criley, Karl Parker, Olin J. Cope and A. D. Foree, and Miss Elizabeth Parker were Mr. Hunter,s guests.

Blue Bird Tea Room

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DINNER
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Theatre of The Golden Bough

FRIDAY EVENING

DENE DENNY

IN AN

ALL-MODERN

PIANO RECITAL

With Explanatory Comments

Admission $1 plus tax Program at 8:30

"What Price Glory" Here This Week-End

WHAT PRICE GLORY", the hard-boiled tragi-comedy of the Great War, will be performed at The Theatre of The Golden Bough next Saturday and Sunday nights by the Pendragon Players, the outstanding non-professional dramatic organization of Palo Alto and the Peninsula. This group, though new in the field, already has to its credit brilliant productions of "Liliom", "The Guardsman", "The Beggar on Horseback" and "The First Year". Its greatest success has been the thrilling drama of the war, "What Price Glory".

Everybody knows about this famous post-war play, rated as the finest work to have been written by Western men, and believed by many critics of standing to be the finest of all American plays. Dedicated to an ideal more noble than those underlying the vast majority of plays, whatever bestial passions and vulgar manners its characters may possess the general effect produced by the drama is of such a nature as to put it above superficial censorship. On the other hand it is distinctly a play for adults, and children will not be admitted to the performances at The Golden Bough.

There is only one woman in the cast, Charmaine, daughter of the tavern-keeper "Cognac Pete." The difficult role is played with distinction by Olive Presler, an experienced player, graduate of the University of California. Of the forty men players over one-half are either Stanford or ex-Stanford players, many of whom have been in actual service overseas. The production has had the enthusiastic co-operation of Fremont Post, American Legion, in the matter of technical details of life at the front.

Of Miss Presler's work George W. Warren had this to say in the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Her Charmaine was a distinct triumph. She made the little French peasant a warm-blooded amorous siren, to whom love is as necessary as food; her dialect was delicious, and she looked enticing enough to embroil the whole regiment in a battle for her possession".

This signficant war drama, carrying under its exterior humor a deep and powerful arraignment of the futility and hideousness of modern war, is one of the most entertaining and vivid of stage presentations. Both authors, Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, being ex-service men and first-handed students of human psychology under abnormal stress, the play's predominant undertone is that of protest against the uselessness of war, but depiction of its miseries, dull horrors and madness is ever relieved by the "hard-boiled" humor with which the authors have so richly endowed their play.

Week-enders are coming down by hundreds, including many from the San Mateo Peninsula who wish to see their players under the favorable conditions of The Golden Bough, and Carmelites are advised to secure seats at once.

IDWAL JONES HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Idwal Jones and their baby have taken the Helen Haight cottage on the Point for two or three weeks. Jones is the dramatic critic on the San Francisco Examiner, and at present is writing a series of articles on the Weepah adventure to appear in The American Mercury. Jones has an interesting article "Hoboing it in Mexico" in the current number of The American Mercury.

COOKING SALE SUCCESSFUL

The Girl Scouts held a cooking sale last Saturday at their "Little House" on Eighth and Dolores and Cleared $65. A much appreciated gift of $25 was also made to the troop this week.

NEW STUDENT BODY HEAD

Gordon Campbell was elected president of the Student Body of Monterey Union High School for the coming year. He is prominent in all branches of athletics and is a member of next year's graduating class. James Hopper, also of Carmel, was elected vice-president.

Theatre of The Golden Bough

Next Saturday and Sunday

June 4th and 5th

The Famous Play

What Price Glory

The Hard-Boiled Comedy of the Great War

produced by the

Pendragon Players

of Palo Alto With a Cast of Forty

Prices $1 to $2 plus tax Children not admitted

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926, at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

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PERSONAL MENTION

THE Junior Literary Group of the Carmel Woman's Club will meet next Thursday at Miss Helen Judson's home at Pebble Beach, according to an announcement by the secretary, Mrs. Eric Wilkinson.

* * * *

Miss Effie McLean has returned to Carmel for the summer after a fifteen months absence in Berkeley, Los Angeles and Pasadena.

* * * *

Fanny Goldsmith Engel is in town for ten days or a fortnight, and has taken a cottage on Junipero street.

* * *

Miss Betty Jennings of San Francisco left yesterday for home after spending a few days with Mrs. Eric Wilkinson.

* * *

Mrs. Mark Kinsey and her small son Thorne were in Carmel for several days with Mrs. Kinsey's parents Mr. and Mrs. George Boke.

* * *

Fletcher Dutton came down from Stanford and spent the holliday with his parents Colonel and Mrs. Dutton at Highlands.

* * *

Yodee Remsen took the Misses Patty Johnson, Genevieve Newell, Alicia Flanders and Anne Walcott to the Adobe Tea House and later to the Golden State on Saturday afternoon in honor of Anne Walcott's birthday.

* * *

Miss Josephine Grant left yesterday for San Francisco. Miss Grant spent the last week on the Peninsula and was the guest of honor at several affairs during her stay.

* * *

Mrs. A. D. Foree was in town from San Jose for several days this week, visiting her daughter Mrs. C. J. Cope.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper were the guests of Mrs. Joseph Hooper over the week end.

* * *

Mrs. Ethel P. Young and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton are motoring to Los Angeles on Sunday and will be away for several days.

* * *

Mrs. Frederick Moore has returned to her home in San Jose from Carmel where she spent several days this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Romayne Hunkins came down from San Francisco and spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper.

* * * *

Mrs. J. B. Ball and Mrs. George Ball were in Carmel over the holiday.

* * *

Laura May Edmondston who has been attending Forest Hill School and her brother Francis, a pupil at Montezuma left for their home in Honolulu last week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Godwin are spending a few days this week in San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt who have been in San Francisco for ten days, returned home on Tuesday.

* * *

Miss Myrtle Bacon and Mr. Joe Burr of Oakland were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton over the week end. Mrs. Stanton is going to Oakland on Saturday for Miss Bacon's party announcing her engagement to Mr. Burr.

* * *

Miss Winifred Hope-Johnstone, who has been associated with the Del Monte Properties company for the last month, during the absence of Martha Farwell, who returned home this week, left yesterday for San Francisco. Miss Hope-Johnstone is planning to return to Carmel in the autumn.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Symes (Annette Rolph) and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Higson of Oakland spent the holiday week end in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beardsley are occupying their summer home, Brookhaven Camp, near Mt. Shasta, for the summer months. They have as their house guest for several weeks Miss E. Harrison, of Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Perkins Harvey, of Piedmont will spend next week end in Carmel, celebrating their first wedding anniversary.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Hull and Mr. and Mrs. John Cooke of Beverley Hills spent the week end at Pebble Beach Lodge.

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HOME-MADE CANDY

"The Show-Off"

THERE have been better dramatic productions in Carmel than "The Show-Off", the Carmel Players' offering of the last week-end, but there has never been a finer bit of character acting done in these parts than that of Marian Todd in the play. After seeing "The Show-Off" completely Friday night, when it was a bit ragged, part of it again Saturday night, and once again completely Sunday night, when it was perfectly smooth, I can declare emphatically that I have never seen anyone off the professional stage place more intelligent interpretation in a part than Marian Todd put in the role of Mrs. Fisher. She took the show on the first drawing of the curtains and she held it until the final closing of them. Her acting proved her art in that there was no evidence of the labor which she had put into the accomplishment, no surface showing of the conscientious study she had made of the role. Words are poor things to express the tribute that belongs to Marian Todd for what she did in "The Show-Off".

There was no one in the principal roles of the cast very close to Marian, unless it was Dorothy Woodward, whose playing of Clara, the married daughter in a hopelessly dull home, was admirably and intelligently portrayed.

"Woody" Rowntree, as the show-off himself, did not give you the interpretation of the part that was intended by the playwright. Kelly meant his blustering hero to be blustering, but he meant him principally to be lovable and "Woody" was never that. In the opening act he was far too noisy and irritating. In the second and third he played the role much better, and it is an anomaly that he was better in the sober scenes where his humility showed itself in flashes, than in those where he assumed to be the-cock-o'-the-walk.

Gabrielle Newby's characterization of the disillusioned, but faithful and adoring bride, was extremely well done. Her quarrel with her mother was especially good.

Stanton Babcock's acting only proved again his ability on the stage. He made a success of Joe, the inventive brother in the family, as he has made a success of other parts he has been given. I would like to see Babcock in a lead.

The others in the cast, Edward Kuster George Ball, Tom Bickle and Eugene Watson, had minor parts, but handled them well, assisting materially in a production that ranks up well with many others produced by the Carmel Players, but does not climb near the top where rests "The Children of the Moon"

—W. K. B.

The next regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association will be held on Wednesday, June 8, at 2:30 P. M., in Sunset School Auditorium.

SUIT FILED TO PREVENT HARRISON LIBRARY PLANS

Mrs. Lotta Shipley began suit against the city council of Carmel-by-the-Sea last Friday, to obtain an injunction to prevent them from using a fund of $25,000 to build a structure contrary to the instructions of the donor, the late Ella Reid Harrison. Mrs. Shipley stated in her complaint that Mrs. Harrison died in 1922 leaving $20,000 and the accrued interest to be used in building a city library. The trustees of the city were named as trustees of the fund. On June 6, charges Mrs. Shipley, the trustees are planning to let a contract for a building other than the terms of the bequests requires. The bequest states that the building be fireproof in construction and of Spanish architecture. It is to be named the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library.

Mrs. Shipley asks that a temporary injunction be issued and in case of a trial that the injunction be made permanent.

J. R. SLEVIN PUBLISHES NEW BOOK ON REPTILES

J. R. Slevin, brother of Louis Slevin has just completed a book published by the Academy of Sciences, on the Collecting of Reptiles. The book deals with the actual collecting, how to preserve and mount the specimens and how to arrange a scientific collection. It is a strictly scientific work, and Mr. Slevin's distinguished position in his profession makes it one of great value. The author, who has recently returned from an expedition to Guatamala, is at present in the wilds of San Diego county.

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to Resolution No. 360 of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea duly passed on the 2d day of May, 1927,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That said Board of Trustees hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the construction of the proposed Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library on those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, more particularly described as follows:

Lot Nine (9) and all that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Nine;

Lot Eight (8) and all of that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Eight (8);

Lot Seven (7) and all that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Seven (7);

All in Block Seventy-two (72), according to "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California" filed March 7, 1902, in the office of the County Recorder of said County of Monterey in Map Book One (1) Cities and Towns, at page two (2) therein; and in accordance with the plans and specifications for said work and improvement duly adopted by said Board of Trustees on the 2d day of May, 1927, which plans and specifications are now on file in the office of the City Clerk of said city, and are hereby referred to for further particulars; and said work shall be paid for by said city in installments, payable as follows: When the walls are up and ready for the roof, one-fourth of the contract price; when the roof is on and the floor is laid, one-fourth of the contract price; when the building is finished, one-fourth of the contract price; and the balance to be paid within forty (40) days from the date of the filing of the notice of completion of said building.

The successful bidder, at the time of the execution of the contract for said work shall file with said city a good and sufficient bond in the usual form, for faithful performance and material and labor and fifty per cent of the contract price; the installments herein provided for shall be allowed upon the presentation to the Board of Trustees of said city of a written demand therefor accompanied by the certificate of the superintendent of work, setting forth the amount of work done to the date of said demand.

Said work shall be commenced within fifteen (15) days from and after the award of the contract for the same and shall be completed within one hundred twenty (120) working days thereafter.

All proposals or bids must be accompanied by a certified check payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in an amount which shall not be less than ten per cent (10 per cent) of the aggregate of the bid, or by a bond for said amount and so payable, signed by the bidder and two sureties who shall justify before any officer competent to administer an oath, in double said amount and over and above all statutory exemptions. The amount of said check or bond of the successful bidder for said work shall be forfeited to said city as and for liquidated damages in the event that such bidder shall refuse or fail to enter into a contract with said city within ten (10) days after the award of such contract in accordance with his proposal or bid.

All such sealed proposals or bids will be received by the undersigned city clerk of said city not later than the hour of 7:30 o'clock p. m. of the 6th day of June, 1927, at which date and hour said board of trustees, in open session in the meeting room of said board at the city hall of said city, will publicly open, examine and declare said bids, and hereby reserves the right to reject any or all such bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Dated May 24, 1927.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.
(CORPORATE SEAL)

Dates of publication: May 25, 1927; June 1, 1927

The OLD CHOP HOUSE

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is OPEN again!

If Censorship Comes

THE FOLLOWING article on the subject of dramatic censorship, by Jesse Lynch Williams, was published in the April issue of The Author's League Bulletin, which was known as the "Censorship Number".

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

SIDNEY HOWARD'S notable play, "They Knew What They Wanted," was recently put on at one of the theatres in the small Pacific Coast town where I have been spending the winter, a village which boasts of three playhouses and no tennis courts—one of the effects of the California climate, I suppose.

Well, they gave a most creditable performance, I hear, and the local intelectuals praised the piece almost as enthusiastically as if it had been written by a European with an unpronouncible name. But a few days later there came from the pulpit an indignant protest. The Methodist minister had not seen the play, but he had heard that there was profanity in it.

I did not attend the performance either. I had seen the piece a number of times in New York, but I could not recall any swearing. That was because I had grown accustomed to cussing on the stage and he had not.

I do not blame him for being shocked. On the contrary, I sympathized with him. The first time I ever heard God-damn on the stage, I too was shocked. So, apparently, was the rest of the audience, as New York audiences went in those days. It was the opening night of Clyde Fitch's posthumous play, "The City." I can still remember how Tully Marshall crossed over and shouted, "You're a God-damned liar." It was followed by a tense silence, broken only by a gasp from a lady in front of me.

You see, we were not accustomed to hearing such language in the theatre. We heard it on the streets, and not a few members of that memorable first-night audience may even have spoken similar lines in private life. But we had not learned to expect or enjoy such goings-on at a theatrical entertainment. It was contrary to the custom of that day. It was not yet acceptable to the mores of the period, which means, in other words, that it was immoral.

Since then, to be sure, many things have become customary and therefore fail to shock us. That does not mean that they are right, nor does it mean that they are wrong. How, then, are we to decide what is right and what is wrong, in plays, in fiction and in those other forms of entertainment and enlightenment which we are pleased to call art?

The question can never be answered by considering merely what the author says or does. That really does not matter at all until we find out what the consuming public says or does as a result of that consumption. This distinction seems as obvious as it is important. And yet it is almost invariably ignored, even though it is clearly provided by the existing laws. One or two celebrated cases in point will make my statement convincing.

Early in this century when Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," was first put on in New York, it was immediately and indignantly taken off by the police, and those responsible for the production were arrested. Of course, the object of the play was to abolish an ancient evil. Nothing, it would seem, could be much more moral than that. It was a tract in drama form, an indictment of the social and economical conditions that produce and perpetuate prostitution. Why, then, was it raided by the police? A cynical reply would be that the police, for reasons of their own did not want the oldest profession in the world abolished. But Anthony Comstock did, and he was indignant, too. He referred to the author as "this Irish smut-dealer." Of course, Shaw never wrote anything so dull as a smutty line in his life. There was not a character or a situation in the play that could possibly incite even the vilest imagination with a desire to go and do likewise. On the contrary, quite the reverse.

The reason the play was suppressed, with the tacit approval of sincere and high-minded citizens, was simply that they did not think of the object of the play at all. Merely of the subject. The subject was "unpleasant." They were not accustomed to having it discussed with dignity and authority. They did not want it mentioned. It was unquestionable. In short, like the California clergyman and myself, in the case of those God-damns, they were shocked. They did not want to be shocked and so, in effect (without realizing it, of course) they prefered the perpetuation of prostitution.

But that was not all, nor the worst of it. During the same season, there was another theatrical production, a musical-comedy with more than the usual amount (for those simple days) of voluptuousness, displayed to the tune of seductive music, with charming colors and romantic settings. It was lovely and lascivious. But we were used to that. So we were not shocked. We enjoyed it. No one protested. No one questioned its morality, not even Anthony Comstock. There was nothing "unpleasant" about that piece. On the contrary, it was extremely pleasant. Its subject was not prostitution, it was romance.

But as a plain matter of sin and sincerity, consider the actual results of these two productions of that one season. The musical piece, which played the pander for vice, was allowed to run all season to crowded houses of young men, without a word of protest. It must have helped the business of prostitution a good deal. But Shaw's play, with its cold, intellectual appeal, as sharp and keen as his wit, was an attempt to cut out the cause of prostitution—and was indignantly punished and suppressed.

One more instance: Eugene Walters'

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masterly drama, "The Easiest Way," carried a "message," or taught a "lesson," as clear and compelling as "The Rake's Progress." I cannot prove, but I cannot doubt that it prevented many a wavering young woman from taking the easiest way. But in moral Boston, the play was closed by the same Mayor who allowed "The Moulin Rouge," (or something of that sort) to keep on running merrily to big business.....I could go on citing convincing couples of this sort. So could you, but it is too depressing.

Now, it it comforting to remind ourselves that 'The Easiest Way," which the censors, if there had been any in those days, would undoubtedly have destroyed at birth, is regarded today not only as a masterpiece, but as a morality play, and that when "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was revived, it was welcomed and approved, even by some of those whom it had formerly scandalized. It is encouraging to realize that Shaw is now recognized as a social force and has even been called, by his friendly enemy, Chesterton, a Puritan, a man so serious that he is willing to be funny in order to betray people into the unaccustomed and unwelcomed task of thinking.

Why the change? His play has not changed in the least. He notoriously never permits a single line of his to be changed. But we have changed. Times have changed. I received an amusing personal proof of that only this morning. In my own play-writing period, I put on a piece called "Why Marry?" and was accused by certain of my friends of trying to destroy our most necessary institution. A period of a decade has elasped. In my mail today I received a clipping from an English newspaper, published in Brighton-and-Hove. The Little Theatre there played "Why Marry?" last month, and the provincial critic says, 'The play seems to be mainly propaganda in the interests of old-fashioned marriage, and, as such, it is to be welcomed—especially from America".

In these times, which may be called more honest or more decadent, as we prefer, plays, books and magazines are sneaking in which even the most liberal-minded condemn. Contemptible, but successful efforts to capitalize the peep-show tastes of certain elements of the public. So the question of what to do about it has become more pressing and more complicated than ever. Perhaps it can never be answered in such a way as surely to conserve the best in our struggling culture.

But if the theatre and the publishing house are to be regarded as social institutions, and plays and publications are to be appraised by their social effect, then those guardians to whom the authority is given to decide which things are fit to survive, must learn at least to distinguish between the subject and the object of the work in question. I have yet to hear of a censor, or of anyone believing in censorship, who seems even aware of such a distinction.

MISSES DENE DENNY AND HAZEL WATROUS LEASE GOLDEN BOUGH

Formal announcement has been made by Edward Gerhard Kuster, who founded and has directed the Theatre af The Golden Bough for the past four years, that he has leased the theater for a period of two years to Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous, prominent in Carmel art circles as well as notable as designers and builders of unusual and attractive homes.

Misses Denny and Watrous have made no announcement of their immediate plans but it is reported that they will devote their efforts as managers of the theater to bring to Carmel the best available in the arts of music and drama.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES TO MEET IN CARMEL FRIDAY

The Federated Missionary Societies of the Monterey Peninsula will meet in the Carmel Church on Friday, June 3, for an all day session. Dr. Gordon Poleat, who has arrived here recently from Shanghai College will be the principal speaker.

BLANDING SLOAN ISSUES NEW EDITION OF ETCHINGS

Blanding Sloan has made a new edition of 100 sets of his etchings of the University of California campus. This series has been exhibited at twenty museums throughout the country during the past year. George C. Edwards of the class of '73, U of C., has written a foreword for the new edition.

GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE TALKS ON "MYSTERIES"

Thursday afternoon Grace MacGowan Cooke of Carmel is speaking in the Paul Elder Gallery in San Francisco on "The Development of the Mystery Story." Mrs. Cooke's latest story "The Man Behind the Mask" has proved most interesting, and selections from it, illustrating the author's talk, will be read by Minna Mc Gauley.

TED PARAMORE MARRIES

Word has been received in town of the marriage of E. E. Paramore Jr., to Edith Wellman, daughter of Francis Wellman jurist and writer on legal subjects. The marriage took place at St. Thomas' church in New York City on May 27. Paramore, who lived in Carmel for some time, is the author of "The Ballad of Yukon Jake" published in The Cymbal two weeks ago.

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TENNIS RACKETS

RUTH AUSTIN

Announces:—

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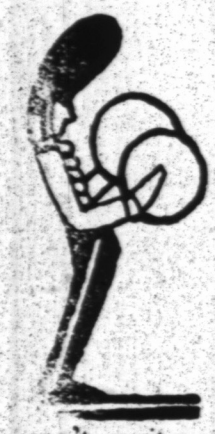
ARTS and CRAFTS THEATER
JUNE 1 to 4, Hours, 3 to 5 P. M.

Notes and Comment



WE WERE brought up short the past week by the following letter which, though it hurt that pride we have in what we consider our balanced idea of the fitness of things, warmed our hearts with its manifest understanding of what we are trying to be, although at times we are apt to forget it. We can't write personally to "An Imaginary Girl", but we find a certain delight, and we know she will be delighted in the hearing, in telling her that we DID NOT get a single subscription on our prize offer, although seven new ones came in unsolicited during the week. Here's her letter:

Dear Editor The Cymbal:

As one of your many interested and unknown readers, I feel called upon to express my astonishment, surprise and horror at your recent policy of offering prizes for new subscriptions.

I am perhaps over particular about my newspaper, and very often The Cymbal is the only one I see, but if it is to deteriorate so rapidly I shall have to send to New York or Paris, for something not so good as The Cymbal could be.

The arty covers are quite unnecessary, and the St. John Ervine nice and human, but this Contest idea is Awful. Perhaps I speak with particular feeling because of being subjected to the persistent demands of Bulletin and Chronicle solicitors.

At any rate, I hope you don't get the three subscriptions.

Very truly yours,
An Imaginary Girl

* * *

FRANCE went reasonably wild, England has gone wilder, and America is all set to break the records for enthusiasm, over the successful exploit of Charles Lindbergh who flew alone in an airplane from New York to Paris. It is far from our intention to condone this unbridled and uncontrolled tribute to a young man who has accomplished a remarkable feat, but when someone the other day said in our presence that he considered Lindbergh the most wonderful man in the world, we felt a bit impatient. As far as we can learn Lindbergh is a fine, upstanding person, physically and morally, and a man who has learned his "trade" to the point of perfection. He also did a daring and courageous thing, and he has set a bright beacon at a high point on the road of history. But he is not the most wonderful man in the world and he has not done the most wonderful thing. There are men and women throughout the world today with equal courage and no publicity attending it. It isn't spectacular for an educator to plod, and most of them do plod, between the breakfast table and a school room for thirty years and dedicate his life to training the brains and molding the characters of men and women. It wasn't spectacular for the man who drove a motor ambulance back and forth between the field hospitals and the shell-torn ground while he picked up unidentified and tortured bodies—brought them in out of the range of the tearing metal and turned and drove back into it again for more. We don't know who is the most wonderful man in the world today, but his name is not in a headline. We do know that.

* * *

ACQUISITION by Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous of The Theatre of The Golden Bough on a two-year lease is interesting and promising. Sharing in common with Edward Kuster, founder and managing director of the theater for the past four years, a fine intelligence and a broad human concept, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous will give us the benefit of a new viewpoint that should perpetuate the enviable record of The Golden Bough as a dramatic headlight of the West. Both women, while alive to the progress and possibilities of modern dramatic art, are particularly interested in music and their management of The Golden Bough will undoubtedly result in many opportunities for Carmel to come in closer touch with the present development of music. And it is to be hoped that Miss Denny and Miss Watrous will continue the policy of Mr. Kuster in providing us with amateur theatricals. It is hoped that they can make some arrangements with The Carmel Players for the production of their plays with local casts at The Golden Bough. The Carmel Players suffer now and will especially suffer during the summer months, from the fact of the inaccessibility of the Arts and Crafts theater, and its location away from the business center of the city.

The Cymbal extends to Miss Denny and Miss Watrous its heartiest congratulations and warmest wishes for their success, a success which it feels it can prophecy as well as wish.

* * *

THE following two sentences appeared on the front page of the Herald Tuesday in the story about the protest meeting at Monterey High school the preceding Saturday:

> . . . . the other camp maintaining that Principal Graves was a man of the best character and that his services were satisfactory. Among those who were there to applaud the statements of the latter group were several residents of Pacific Grove and several members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Which only goes to show that there is a difference of opinion between Mr Allen Griffin and ourselves as to the proper time

An Acre of Space

AN ACRE all one's own is the dream of many who leave behind the noise of the city for an ideal existence in this Carmel paradise.

But dream acres in and about Carmel are almost a thing of the past except in HATTON FIELDS, where there are no forty-foot lots, and there will never be any.

HATTON FIELDS, an integral part of America's most interesting village, is the one part to preserve resolutely the rustic effect that was the crowning charm of the Carmel of earlier days.

To the discriminating buyer of countryside property HATTON FIELDS offers a combination of attractions well nigh irresistible.

HATTON FIELDS

Carmel Land Company

PAUL FLANDERS, President

Office, Ocean avenue CARMEL Telephone 18

Ernest Schweninger, Sales Manager

J. K. Turner Yodee Remsen

to cast diplomacy to the winds of deceit where it belongs.

We believed that the time had come more than a week ago—we were sure that it had—and what has happened since has only gone to prove it. The three dominating members of the board of trustees of the Monterey High School district had no more intention two weeks ago of changing their decision in the matter of the appointment of J. H. Graves as principal of the high school for the next year than they had when they filed into that meeting room in the high school last Saturday afternoon. Some very good and intelligent people, who went there to protest against the Graves appointment, wasted a good deal of valuable time and it was certain that they would be wasting that time long before they ever journeyed toward the meeting place. There is only one way to handle men such as those politically hide-bound school trustees and that is by letting them know that you know what they are and that you intend to treat them accordingly. The protest meeting last Saturday was a farce. It was destined to be a farce when it was called. Carmel Martin of Monterey and William T. Kibbler of Carmel agreed long ago that Graves was to be named principal of the school and nothing under heaven could change their decision. Certainly intelligent argument could not change it because that is something neither of them quite clearly understand.

Allen Griffin read a comprehensive statement to the trustees last Saturday. It could have been shorn of considerable verbiage and, in the language of the younger set, banana oil, which rounded it out a bit rhetorically, but had no other noticable effect. It could have been considerably less lady-like and sound more effective. But no matter what it contained or how well its arguments might have been couched, it would have accomplished no more than it did accomplish; than it was destined to accomplish.

But though it appears now that J. H. Graves is to be principal of the high school next year—certainly a foreboding thing—it is not at all necessary that his appointment should stand. Apparently he is not much worse as a principal of a high school than is J. G. Force as a county superintendent of schools. Force enumerated a lot of empty qualifications he said Graves possessed. None of them is sufficient to qualify him. A good attorney could undermine the political foundation on which Graves now feels himself secure. Let's get the attorney.

* * * *

IT is a pity that the benevolent desires of a fine woman would, after her death, be mangled in the insolent maws of small business and smaller politics. It was a natural thing for Ella Reid Harrison to have believed in common humanity and visualized her dream monument to the memory of her husband, Ralph Chandler Harrison, standing in the form of a public library in Carmel. She wanted something fine; she left money enough to construct something fine, and it is now intended to put in place of her dream a cheap and tawdry thing that would not reflect to the slighest degree the nobility of character that was hers or the bigness of mind that was her husband's. It is sincerely hoped that the court action of Mrs. Lotta Shipley, enjoining the present Carmel city council from proceeding with their present plans, will result in the realization of some thing akin to what Mrs. Harrison wanted for Carmel.

The story of the Harrison bequest, told step by step, makes it seem unbelieveable that the Carmel council could have done what they have done; it makes it absolutely impossible that they should succeed in carrying further their present designs.

Mrs. Harrison left $20,000 which, through accrued interest, amounts to nearer $25,000. She wanted a library constructed with that money and she named as her executrix Miss Kate Conway who had been informed by her just what kind of a library she wanted. She named—and there's the pity—the board of trustees of Carmel as trustees of the fund for the construction of that library. The board of trustees, preceding the present city council, requested of Miss Conway an expression of the desires of Mrs. Harrion.

She gave them these desires. Mrs. Harrison had told her over and over again that she wanted a library building almost identical with the structure of the Old Customs House in Monterey. Miss Conway had investigated the feasibility of this and had learned that such a structure could be built with the funds Mrs. Harrison had left.

Thereupon she secured the services of Jo Mora the sculpture and Jo Mora drew the plans that met Miss Conway's ideas of what Mrs. Harrison wanted. It had been determined that the structure, such as the plans provided for, could be constructed for an amount less than the sum left by Mrs. Harrison. It was to be a fireproof structure, of chalk rock and adobe, as most certainly any library containing valuable books should be. It was to have a tiled roof and a tiled floor.

These plans, providing just such a structure, were placed before the former board of trustees and were inherited by the present council. They are now hidden away in the office of the city clerk. Bids were never asked on them. Instead money was expended by the present board for plans and specifications of a library building of board and stucco that in no way meets with what Miss Conway declares were Mrs. Harrison's desires. In Mr. M. J. Murphy's bid, recently received by the council, the contractor figured on linoleum for the floor, intead of tiles.

There was only one other bid beside that of Mr. Murphy. With a score of good contractors and builders within range of Carmel there are only two bids. It is said that the specifications are drawn in such a way that they cannot be bid on intelligently. We know nothing about that, but we do know that there is something peculiar about the whole thing, and we know that a trust has been betrayed. We believe further that the courts will so decide on Mrs. Shipley's suit. We said at the beginning of this comment that small business and smaller politics are involved. We stand on that.

INTERIOR DECORATING
FURNITURE
DRAPES

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
Zanetta Catlett Kennedy Owen

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LUNCHEON AFTERNOON TEA
CATERING

DOLORES STREET, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Sally's is Carmel

GOTTFRIED AND HALE.

DESIGNERS and BUILDERS

CARMEL *Telephone 61*

A Letter Congratulating Mayor Jordan---and About Some Other Things

HONORABLE John B. Jordan,
Mayor of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.
My dear Mayor:

According to the public print Governor C. C. Young has signed the legislative measure which gives you the official right to the title which you have up until now been accorded merely as a matter of courtesy. In the name of the people of Carmel who are willing that The Cymbal speak for them, I congratulate you. It is an honor that is due you as chairman of the now city council and the presiding officer of the meetings of the council. It doesn't increase your salary as a city official from nothing to anything, but it is nevertheless a form of compensation in a large manner of measurement in our present code. There is a certain pride in being recognized as the Mayor of Carmel when you go abroad. Even you, with your accepted and creditable modesty, will admit that. Heretofore yeu have had to say: "Oh, I'm not really mayor; I'm just chairman of the board of trustees." Now you won't have to say anything, and merely enjoy the homage that is due you.

But if actually being mayor of Carmel does not raise your status on the payroll, or, in fact, even put your name upon it, doesn't it a bit increase the responsibility you assumed when you accepted the office to which the people appointed you? I think that it does and with this thought in mind I would like to refer back to an incident in your official life on Tuesday of last week.

You were called at that time by the city clerk to decide what to do about the publication of a "Notice Inviting Sealed Proposals" in the Harrison Library matter. I had called on the city clerk and requested the publication for The Cymbal, contending that the law required that such publication must be made in a newspaper PRINTED in Carmel. The city clerk had sent first for the city attorney, who said that he had not yet studied the law in the matter, but that it would be bad business to tie up the library through a suit which I threatened. Then you were telephoned for and after being advised of the situation you, rather ungraciously, I thought, decreed that the publication be made in both papers. The law requires only one newspaper, and there was no question as to the legality of the publication in The Cymbal. The city attorney would have admitted that. By giving that publication to the Pine Cone as well as The Cymbal you deliberately tossed about $15 of the people's money into the Carmel river or, to be more accurate, into the coffers of the Monterey Herald which owns the Pine Cone.

I am calling your attention to this little matter because I believe you want to be a good mayor of Carmel; as careful of its interests as you are of your own. I don't think you would have thrown that $15 away if it had been your $15. It may have been that you were a little flustered, as the ink wasn't quite dry on the governor's signature making you mayor, but you are steady now, certainly, and should look out for these little things in the future.

And referring again to that little incident—After the situation had been explained to you you asked rather petulantly: "Why can't we go on as we have been doing?" Argyll Campbell explained to you that as The Cymbal was now a year old it was legally eligible to print legal advertising and that I had come there to ask for such advertsing.

But that is only a small part of it. Let me tell the rest.

I have known you for a good many years. You are what is known as a "booster". In Oakland where you lived for quite a long time you were an active and enthusiastic member of the chamber of commerce. Your home was there, your business was there; you were FOR Oakland. If you had been asked at that time; I presume that you might not have waited to be asked—you would have most emphatically declared that Oakland money should stay in Oakland as much as possible—especially the tax-payers' money.

The Carmel Pine Cone is owned, operated and controlled in Monterey. The money that is paid to the man who sets the type on the legal notices of the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, of which you are the mayor, is paid in Monterey and to a man who lives in Monterey. Every bit of mechanical work on the Pine Cone is done in Monterey and paid for in Monterey. Why, even the editor of the Pine Cone does not live in Carmel and is not eligible to vote in this city—but that is a technicality of only about two blocks and we'll let that go.

Every line of type set for The Carmel Cymbal is set in our plant in the Seven Arts building in Carmel. Every cent paid to employes of The Carmel Cymbal is paid in Carmel and to residents of Carmel.

Mr. Campbell was in a hurry that morning and he didn't have time to tell you this, but he might have.

Now, you may not like The Cymbal, or its editor—somehow I have a feeling that you don't. I asked you for an advertisement of your hotel for the first issue of The Cymbal. You refused it to me; said you couldn't afford it. I haven't asked you since, have I? and I won't ask you again.

But this money you are spending for city advertising isn't your money. It is the money of the people of Carmel. As mayor you should spend it as you think the people would like to have it spent, or, better still, spend it according to your own principles when you were a member of the Oakland chamber of commerce.

And another point. The city's advertising in The Cymbal is clearer and more readable than in any other paper—a fifteen-em line of type is much easier on the eyes than a twelve-em. And more people will see it in The Cymbal. Our new slogan: "In Carmel everybody reads The Cymbal" is no idle word. Everybody does. Their names do not appear on our subscription books, as yours does not, but they read the paper just the same. Most of them, like you, buy the paper at the

HIGHLAND RETREATS

Build yourself a retreat on the lovely wooded slope above the Inn at Carmel Highlands. We have here a number of beautiful bits of ground well protected and with an ocean view. Attractive prices and terms.

Inquire

Carmel Land Company

Office, Ocean Avenue Telephone 18

TESTING ADJUSTING
REPAIRING

Chas. E. Roberts, O. D.

Opens his Carmel Store in
FARLEY BUILDING
Dolores Street
JUNE 1

Graduate Kansas School of Optometry
12 years practicing in Monterey

newsstands, but some don't even do that to whet their curiosity. Councilman George Wood sneaks into Arne's barber shop on Wednesday and sits over in a corner to read Arne's paper. Of course Mr. Arne suscribes for it for this purpose, and I'm glad to have it there. I've gotten so that I don't go into the barber shop on Wednesdays because on three occasions I have caught Mr. Wood reading my paper and it has embarrassed him. Once I got in there just as he was about to pick it up and he had to delay his perusal. But The Cymbal is read, make no mistake about that, and it's thriving right now, too. We won't owe a nickel anywhere in the world at the end of this week, except some long term notes that we can take care of as they mature. And in our job printing establishment we did $650 worth of business last month. This is confounding to our enemies, but it is nectar to our friends. I am telling you this, not to brag, but because I feel that you, as mayor of Carmel, should be proud of an exclusively Carmel newspaper that is so well established and is growing so fast.

But enough of The Cymbal. It is you in whom I am interested; interested in your being a good mayor, a broad mayor. You were rather irritated when you arrived at the city clerk's office the other day. You said that being mayor wasn't worth this trouble. You referred to Mr. Murphy's neglect in not providing a certified check with his library bid. I sort of question your sincerity in that Murphy complaint, but we won't go into that—this is a friendly letter. But your irritation did not sit well on you. You are now mayor of this city because you wanted to be. You previously tried and failed, and you persisted in your gratuitous offer to be of service to the city until the city took you at your word. No one broke in the door of Pine Inn to force the job on you. You are in the position of the private citizen who waves everybody aside at a fire and takes charge of things himself. It's your problem, Mayor Jordan, it ill behooves you to affect an irritation at where you find yourself. You hoisted the responsibility on your own shoulders. You should bear it with all due and dignified credit to the pride which you have in it. The Cymbal wants to help you fulfill your mission. It will make suggestions to you from time to time.

W. K. BASSETT

CARMEL SCHOOL OF ART WEAVING and flemish tapestry (Gobelin). Six weeks' course $55. Hendrica van der Flier, Instructor. Graduate of Art Weaving School, The Hague, Holland, and Special Degree for Art, University of California. Casanova, Carmel, California. Address P. O. Box 784. Visitors welcome Saturdays, 3 to 5.

ANNOUNCING the opening of massage parlors, Work Building, 458½ Alverado street. Room 5 and 6. Monterey, on or about June 1.

MAYNARD DIXON COMPLETES MURAL FOR HIGH SCHOOL

Maynard Dixon has recently completed a mural painting for the proscenium arch in the auditorium of the Oakland Technical High school. It will be put in place on June 14. The mural depicts the progress of California from the Spanish and Mexican domination to the present time. It is nine feet high and fifty feet long, and Spaniards, padres, Missions, miners, Fre-Maynard has painted figures of early mont and his troops, and modern figures and scenes.

WAFFLES
at all hours
LUNCHES
CANDIES
ICE CREAM
CURTIS'
Telephone 390

On retiring from the dairy business in Carmel, after eight years, I wish to thank the people for their patronage. It has been a privilege to serve you. I am sure my successor will merit the same consideration you have given me.

P. L. McDONALD
Former owner
Carmel Dairy Depot

YOU CANNOT GET
FINER JOB PRINTING
ON THE PENINSULA
THAN THAT DONE BY

THE
CYMBAL
PRESS
PRINTING
CARMEL
CALIFORNIA

AND YOU CAN GO
STILL FARTHER
AND NOT EXCEED IT.

Rem Writes Third Chapter of "What's It All About?"

THIS CHAPTER is the third of The Cymbal's continued story, being written in sections by Carmelites. The first chapter was written by the editor of The Cymbal, the second by Miss Katharine Cooke, and the third by Rem Remsen. Dorothy Woodward will write the fourth.

Chapter III

By REM REMSEN

THE SUN had long risen in the suburbs of the little town when Marian awoke next day. Outside her window the birds sang merrily in the bougainvilla vines. "Tweedle-tweedle," sang the mother bird from her nest. "Tweedle-tweedle," answered her loving spouse in the vine. And, glancing down into Marian's room, they wondered how anyone could lie abed so late on a day like this. Ah, indeed it was a glorious day.

Within, the sun was warming the air, making great golden pools upon the floor, shining so brightly that at last even Marian had to open her eyes for the simple joy of living. She lay for a time gazing lazily at the ceiling. She yawned. Slowly her sleepy head began to grow clearer and she became vividly aware of the events of the night before.

There had been a terrific explosion, the feeling that she was flying through space upwards, the fleeting impression of the woman's face at the window, a white face with magenta lips, and she could remember nothing more.

What had started it? She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate. Continuity was necessary. "If I can only keep my continuity," thought Marian (who was a good girl) "it will all come out right." Having made this decision, she opened her eyes and gazed about her. Suddenly she sat bolt upright in the bed. Could she believe her eyes? There was a great hole in the middle of the floor and she was looking down into the dining room below, where the eventful party of the night before had been so rudely interrupted.

There must be come explanation. She started to call the servant with the tattooed arms. She found that she could not remember her name. Then she thought of her father. "Dad," she cried. "Dad," she called again. The sound of a muffled footstep below her caused her to look down into the dining room where a white figure appeared swathed in cotton-wool and bandages. Only the bandages were not wound in the regular way. Each bandage ended in a beautiful bow-knot, and none of them was on straight. She knew at once that it must be her father.

"Dad," she cried, "are you badly hurt?"

The collection of bow-knots made a slow negative gesture.

"And where, **where** is Samuel?" she continued.

Through several layers of coton batten, his voice murmured something so unintelligible that it was necessary for him to repeat it several times before Marian suceeded in obtaining the fact that her fiance had been blown out into the back yard.

Is he alive?" she cried.

The collection of bow-knots nodded and motioned her to be silent. He then drew the silver cupboard directly below the hole and, placing a board across it, stepped upon the end of it. As he did this, the new maid with the tattooed arms entered and, taking her place on the other end of the board, gently seesawed Mr. Wayne until he was on a level with Marian's bed. Fumbling with his bandages, he managed to make an opening near his mouth and then he spoke.

"The stairs were blown away last night," he said. "This opening in the floor has been our only means of communication. You made it," he continued, "when you left the table so suddenly last night without asking to be excused."

"That was when the explosion occurred," gasped Marian.

He nodded.

"What was it?" cried Marian.

"We thought at first it was the report of the Woman's Club on the municipal playground," he said, "but we were wrong."

At this moment the telephone bell rang below and the girl with the tattooed arms, forgeting how important she was to Mr. Wayne, rose hastily to answer it. Automatically Mr. Wayne returned to the dining room below. Looking up ruefully, he waved to Marian. "Our little elevator is not working perfectly as yet," he said, "but it will be better, darling, in time."

The girl here entered the dining room saying that Mr. Wayne was wanted on the phone, and Mr. Wayne hurriedly left.

"Oh," groaned Marian. "What can I do?" She closed her eyes and tried to think. How could all these terrible things happen in so orderly arranged a family as hers? Only the day before she had been sitting cleaning the silver. How quiet and beautiful the world had seeemed. And now everything was changed. "If I can only keep my continuity," thought the brave girl, "everything will come out right." Ah, she had an idea! She would go back and clean the silver.

She sprang out of bed and, walking gingerly around her room so as to avoid falling down the great jagged hole, she managed to dress herself. Crawling to the edge, she looked down, and seeing the maid with the tattooed arms, she called sweetly, " May I come down, please?"

She thought best the propitiate the new maid, as any new complication in the household was positively repelling.

"Alle oop!" cried the maid gaily, and sitting down in her end of the board, the other rose rapidly to the level of Marian.

"She must be of French descent," thought Marian. "Merci," she replied and stepping carefully onto the board, she was quickly lowered to the dining room below.

Here she found that some effort had been made to clear away the debris. In the corner was her table, and going out quickly she gathered up the silver.

Again the afternoon sun leaned in the window and placed a fillet of gold upon her head. But she was quicker now than in Chapter I and reaching up swiftly, she retrieved the fillet and placed it in what was left of the ice-box. Then she began cleaning the silver—the famous Wayne silver. Prong by prong she went over the fork, and was about to begin on the knife when the sun leaned in and placed another fillet on her head. She quickly retrieved this and, in fact, in less than an hour had collected enough fillets for a nice dinner..

"I will ask Samuel to come," she thought happily. And continued to clean the silver. "If I can only keep my continuity," she murmured, "everything will be all right."

And so the cleaning of the silver went ominously on. It had been Martin Wayne's one hobby. He had turned everything he had into silver. As she cleaned, her thoughts sped on. Outside

MANUSCRIPT TYPING
and PUBLICITY WORK

Telephone 271

NELLIE HATCHELL
Robt. Stanton's Office
Ocean and Lincoln

she could still hear the muffled voice of her father at the telephone. She wondered what it was all about. A strange exotic perfume began to fill the room. In some way, it seemed to be connected with the explosion of the night before. She looked at the clock. It was exactly 2:14.

The voice of her father rose and fell. Putting down the silver, she stole into the hall. There she saw, to her horror, that her father was in the telephone booth, but not alone. With him in the booth was the face of the woman with magenta lips, and it was with her he was pleading.

What was she to do? She must act quickly. This strange woman must be trapped. She stepped over and locked her father and the lady in the booth. Turning, and taking her continuity, she left the house in search of Samuel Coleridge Bayes.

But what, during all this time, has happened to our hero, Samuel Coleridge Bayes, whose agonized face was being so intently scrutinized by Martin Wayne when the awful explosion happened that blew him into the back yard? He had missed the tattooed maid by a scarce inch as he went through the open French windows. And as he landed among the zinias he had a fleeting glance of a woman's face with magenta lips. It was the same woman who had tried to detain him on the way to supper. Whatever the cause of the explosion had been, he knew that it had saved him. Saved him, who had been a moment before, on the brink of an awful disclosure that would have lost him Marian and his good name in the village. He smiled as he rose and made his way quickly through the hedge into the open road.

As he passed up the street, he realized that he must be more careful. Martin Wayne suspected him. That had been certain, tonight. And he had nothing on Martin. His legal mind was at work. Marian could never know what temptation he had beeen subjected to. He had never spoken to her of The Forum or The Play-Reading group. He had simply told her he never drank.

Literally, this was true. No one could justly accuse him of drinking. But that he had a liking for liquor was only putting it mildly. He ate it up. Nothing meant so much to him as a soup-plate full of clear gin with a slice of lemon in it. He poured rum in his fish until it swam in it. His potatoes were smothered in creme de menthe. Even after he finished his meal, if he could eat no more, he would rub it in his hair.

And Marian never suspected it. She had been brought up in the secluded convent and then had led a socially protected life. All the social young men she met drank, so she noticed nothing in the strange aroma that surrounded Samuel. In fact, all men had smelled alike to Marian.

But Martin Wayne—that was different. Martin knew liquor and Martin suspected him and if he should tell Marian there would be an end to everything.

So engrossed was he in his thoughts that he had failed to notice, up to this moment, the change in the village. Suddenly he stopped. The gibbeous moon had emerged from an over-cast sky and shed its sickly rays over the little street. To his horror, he saw that the glass in most of the windows in the houses was gone. The whole place had a deserted, ghost-like look. "It must have been the explosion," he thought.

Suddenly he smiled. Again he was in luck. The windows all over town must entrance to Martin Wayne's office with- be out and he would thus be able to gain out being detected. Once within, he would be able to get samples of the Grade A rocks which might give him something on Martin.

Turning down the next street, he hurried on. It had begun to rain. The spotted pavement gradually turned to ablack, shining mirror. "Ah," he thought, "it will wash away all traces of my deed."

Arriving at Martin's office he found, as he had suspected, the glass door gone. Reaching in, he sprang the lock and entered. A strange, exotic perfume filled the room. It seemed, for a moment, to recall something to Sam. But this was not the time to think. It was but a moment before he had the box out of the safety vault. His hand had just touched one of the Grade A rocks when a soft voice spoke in the darkness. "I thought you would come here, Mr. Bayes, so I have been waiting."

Samuel rose. It was the voice of the woman with the magent lips.

"You, too, I see," the voice continued, "wish to gain possession of the rocks."

"Madam," began Bayes.

"Do not stop me now, Mr. Bayes," she interrupted. "These Grade A rocks, sixteen acres of which my brother got in his Christmas stocking, have not yet changed hands. The deed has not yet been signed, and I do not wish to lose them. If the Duke were not dead, he could have attended to it."

"They are of value, then, I take it," said Bayes.

"Value! Value!" she repeated. "They are Grade A rocks, do you understand? From contented hills."

Bayes gave a slight start. He remembered the long abandoned silver mine.

"We had best be quick. You will help," she said, putting out her slim hand.

Silently Bayes collected the rocks and, placing them in a large sack, by the side of the lady he staggered out into the night. He stumbled as they reached the street.

"I fear the rocks are very heavy," murmured the lady.

"Any task for you would be light," said Bayes. Why he had answered in this manner, he did not know. But the lady smiled a little to herself. She knew. The exotic perfume had begun its work.

As she led the way out of the town, the rain stopped and dawn began to break. In a heavy fog they toiled up what seemed to Bayes a never ending hill. Then for a long way they followed a twisting road through the pine trees, which finally turned sharply down a steep hill towards the sea. At the bottom of the hill lay a village. Its houses were strangely built, with odd signs on the shops. Bayes had heard of this. It had a bad name.

They passed through the streets and finally came to a point of land that jutted out into the sea. Here, by the rocks, tood a high stone house. This must have been where the Duke lived, thought Bayes.

When they had reached the house which was guarded by a lot of dogs, the lady with the magenta lips let herself in and, thanking Bays for his trouble, bid him good-bye and closed the door behind her.

Bayes stood for a moment, undecided what course to pursue. He looked at his watch. It was 2:14. He turned and started out in search of Marian Wayne.

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Bonnie Gottfried Wins Cymbal Questionaire Prize

BONNIE GOTTFRIED won The Cymbal's Questionaire contest by answering 22 of the 34 questions correctly. The questions and the correct answers are as follows:

1. What is the highest peak in the Coast Range mountains and where is it?
Ans. Santa Lucia—Sometimes Junipero Serra. About 20 miles west and south of Soledad.

2. How high is it?
Ans. 5844 feet.

3. Who founded the Forest Theatre?
Ans. Herbert Heron.

4. How old is Delos Curtis?
Ans. 59.

5. Who is the longest bona fide resident (still a resident) of Carmel?
Ans. Mrs. Dummage.

6. Who led the fire department to a fire in the forest, riding a white horse with her hair streaming behind her?
Ans. Mary Austin.

7. What artist recently bought a home on Monte Verde street?
Ans. Stan Wood.

8. How many additions are there to Carmel-by-the-Sea?
Ans. Eight.

9. What mineral was mined near Carmel in the 80's and where is the mine?
Ans. Coal—Back of Mt. Devendorf.

10. Who is the best dressed man in Carmel?
Ans. Ray Woodward

13. Where was the first abalone cannery in Monterey county?
Ans. Point Lobos.

14. Where is J. A. Easton?
Ans. Eagle Rock, California.

15. What was the first hotel in Carmel and where was it located?
Ans. Carmel—N. E. corner San Carlos and Ocean.

16. Where was the Carmel postoffice first located?
Ans. In a general merchandise store where Staniford's now is.

17. What two men first conceived Carmel-by-the-Sea and brought it into being?
Ans. J. Frank Devendorf and Frank Powers.

18. Who were Carmel's two first famous stage drivers?
Ans. Dad Hamilton and Sam Powers.

19. Why was Carmel so named?
Ans. After mountain directly to south which is claimed to be a replica of Mt. Carmel in Holyland.

20. Who was Carmel's first high school student?
Ans. Ernest Schweninger.

21. Who owned and operated Carmel's first garage and where was it located?
Ans. Built by Philip Wilson, Sr., operated by Paul V. Wall. S. W. corner Dolores and 6th

22. Who moved the Sphinx? Where was it put? Who returned it?
Ans. Many unknown heroes.
On unfinished Soldier's Memorial.
Gus and Chas. Goold.

23. How old is Joe Hand?
Ans. 82.

24. Where does the Carmel-San Simeon highway begin?
Ans. Carmel river bridge.

25. Name three Missions in Monterey county.
Ans. Carmel, Soledad, Jolon.

26. What national park is located in Monterey county; where is it?
Ans. Pinacles—about 12 miles east of Soledad.

27. What national forest reserve is in Monterey county?
Ans. Santa Barbara.

28. What famous battle was fought in Monterey county in early California history? Where? Who were the opposing generals?
Ans. Battle between Mexican and U. S. Forces.
In the mountains about ten miles N. E. of Salinas.
Gen. Castro and Gen. Fremont.

29. What is the legal name of Carmel? Official government name?
Ans. Carmel-by-the-Sea.
Carmel.

30. What minerals are profitably mined in Monterey county?
Ans. None.

31. What event took place in Monterey county in 1908 that drew world-wide attention.
Ans. Assembled U. S. Fleet entered and anchored in Monterey bay.

32. In the early days of the Forest theatre what organizations fought for supremacy?
Ans. Forest Theatre Society—Western Drama Society.

33. Name two Carmelites who became famous (locally) as prohibition sleuths.
Ans. Herbert Hand. Elmer Cox.

34. Who is the Great White Father of Abalone baseball?
Ans. Charles King Van Riper.

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trouble makers, not by people who have candidates to propose for appointments or axes to grind, but by a wide circle of our most conservative people of the Community, a very large proportion of whom are graduates of universities, trained observers, eager to do all in their power to aid in the cultivating of a better generation to follow.

"We respectfully suggest that the board give a sincere hearing to our discussion. We have done all in our power to keep this matter from becoming a subject of political and general discussion and to maintain it on a dignified plane where it belongs. We discountenance the rash and foolish extremities of statements of people, on either side, who have sought to capitalize the situation for their personal benefit or their personal animosities; and we particularly deplore the fact that our meeting was anticipated by an attack that involves religious matters that are, in matter of fact, of not the least consideration and have been a trifling influence upon the mattre of better education and kinder feeling at stake.

"We suggest, respectfully but with all the urgency of sincerity and good feeling, that the board open the question of appointment of a principal, solicit the filing of applications, and with care and sincerity select from the many who would be happy to serve here a man of the most outstanding qualifications as an educator, in the best sense of that word. A true educator with the qualifications we have mentioned in this communication and who has had previous pronounced success as a leader in secondary education. This district not only can well afford the cost, but will be richly rewarded by the results and by the harmony and good will that such an appointment would entail.

"We suggest this particularly because events and conditions that are beyond control have now tied the hands of the administration of the high school so that it cannot, however much it endeavors, achieve a successful year to come; that only further resentment among students, teachers and the many who are here today will result; and we appeal to you, sincerely, to do what is within your power and good will to prevent the beginning of a school year in which we know the daily average attendance at our high school will be lowered, in which disrespect for authority on the part of students will be magnified, in which lack of sympathy on the part of parents and other wellwishers of better education will be more pronounced than ever."

After Griffin's comprehensive statement County Superintendant of Schools Force spoke at length. He said that he had heard rumors about Mr. Graves and thought that everybody should be given a square deal. Perry Newberry pointed out that rumors were not the thing to be discussed at the meeting, and Force read the rating running from 25 to 100 percent of different high schools throughout the state at the University of California,. In 1925 Monterey High rated 50 percent.

Allen Griffin then read a letter from Karl M. Cowdery, assistant registrar at Stanford University, saying that the average grade of the students coming from Monterey High is slightly below that of other high schools in California. Only fifty percent of the students from local schools have done satisfactory work at Stanford, during the last three years. Cowdery closed with "I trust that this will give you our impression in a fairly adequate manner."

Carmel Martin then asked Force if Graves had filed the necessary credentials in the office of the county superintendant, and was told that he had, and credentials were read. Graves was educated in the public schools of Ferris County, Nebraska, the high school in Norton City, Kansas, and the Salina Business College, Kansas. He then attended Wesleyan Universiy, Lincoln Nebraska, for two years, and in 1903 studied at the State Normal school in San Jose for two years. He has completed one and one half years work at Stanford University, and holds a life diploma of the second grade attested by the State board of education. Force then said that Graves has all the credentials necessary to teach in any high school in California.

Mrs. Herman Spoehr then said that these facts were very illuminating, but was it too much to ask the board to get a man of the details gone into so minutely by Force wide and intensive training, one who was eminently established? "It takes time and trouble to have a complaint such as the parents are registering reach the board, but the unhappiness of the pupils is so great that it is only fair to let some other man have a chance", she said.

Theodore Criley said that his case was a personal one, as he chose this peninsula out of all the world some 14 years ago as the best to live in, and he feels that the best is none too good for our children, as we are not seeking just "good enough" but the best, in this most vital of all matters. In closing, Criley called upon the board to open the lists, and from all the applicants choose the best, and the parents will back the man chosen to the limit.

Carmel Martin said that he realized that the choosing of a principal was a matter of opinion, and the board are trying to do what it considered to be the best thing for the school.

Oliver M. Gale then retorted that if it was a matter of opinion, he thought possibly the opinion of a large and intelligent body of parents was more valuable than that of five men, "one of whom has never been at the high school one day since he was elected trustee."

Martin said that all personalities were to be left out, and Gale said he was not making a charge, merely stating facts.

Frank Hellam spoke for Graves, saying he had known him for years and thought that Graves had proven himself a fine principal, and as this wasn't politics, he didn't see why there should be any competition at all.

City Engineer Severance talked at length on the value of a good solid character, and said he would rather have his children under a man of character that the finest Ph. D. in the world, "for polish is very thin and is used to cover up lack of character." He commended the board for leading the High School to the top both physically and intellectually.

Allen Griffin said that it was the first time that he had ever heard that Christian character could not go with a college degree, and repeated that if Graves were the lofty character Severance painted he would have won the affection and confidence of the children, and not have the present situation with two factions at sword's points.

"This is a demonstration of the failure of the trustee system,, he said, "and if this condition continues the breakdown will be complete."

He reminded the trustees that in his papers he has always supported them, and tried to keep unqualified people from making statements.

"The situation is undoubtedly difficult and it is hoped that the decision reached will create a better high school next year than we have today," he said.

Mrs. Louise J. Dobbins said that in the present situation, when a representative group of people get together and show such unmistakeable sentiment against the election of Graves to the principalship, that both he and the school board will have a difficult situation to face.

Mrs. Austin Chinn said that she was absolutely satisfied with Mr. Graves as a man and an instructor.

Perry Newberry said that it seemed to him that if Graves were the best educated man in the world and of the highest character, the condition which confronts the district means almost mutiny, and under no circumstances should the thing be allowed to go on.

"A change should be made, and at once,, he said.

After various other speakers testified as to Graves' high character, Mrs. Spoehr said that the fact of the parents not touching on Graves' character did not mean that they could not do so, but that they were refraining. There could be no misinterpretation of the case brought before the board, and it was their duty to act on it.

H. F. Dickenson called the attention of the audience to the fact that Martin said there would be no personal charges raised, but he wanted to know if those charges made on a previous occasion could not be proved, why the board dismissed a minor head of the school, and put in a man who was much more responsible for the state of affairs. He said the parents had tried to present the matter fairly, and the board has the responsibility of the very serious situation now facing the higb school.

No action was taken.

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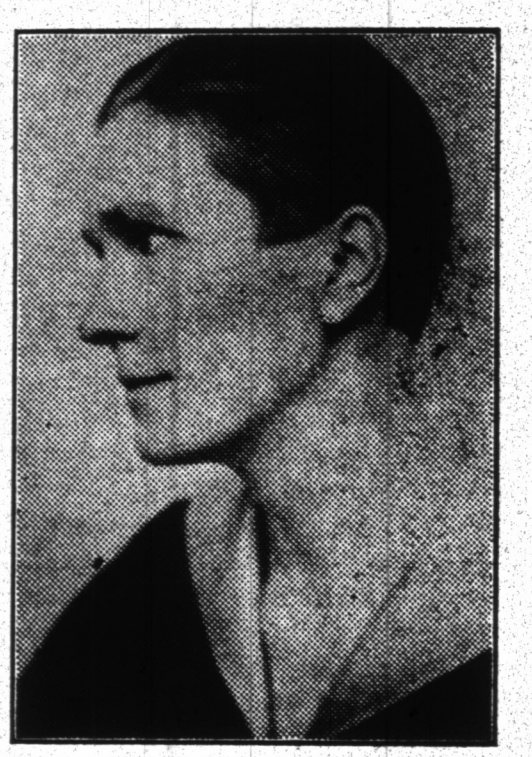

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